

COLORS FROM FRANCE FOR A.E.F. REGIMENTS

Five Units Honored by Descendants of Rocham- beau's Troops

MEN OF '70 IN HONOR GUARD

Ceremony at Invalides Reaffirms Affection Manifested in Ameri- can Revolution

The descendants of those Frenchmen who, under the leadership of Lafayette and the Comte de Rochambeau, helped the 13 original American colonies to achieve their independence, have just as much love for the land their forefathers aided in securing as did those gallant pioneers themselves. They gave touching evidence of that affection when, on Sunday, they presented to the American Ambassador ten richly embroidered flags—five National colors and five regimental—for each of the five American regiments designated by the War Department to receive them.

The ceremony took place in the room which may properly be called the military hall of France—the hall of honor of the Army Museum in the Hotel des Invalides. On one side of the brilliant audience gathered to witness the presentation was the great picture of Napoleon's dashing Marshal Ney, one of whose descendants is now in the Army of the United States launched upon its task of fighting in France. On the other side was the new painting of the late General Gallieni, known and loved as the savior of Paris.

Old Soldiers Bear Standards

Portraits of soldiers of the present war, of past wars, lined the walls all about. In the rear of the speakers' table was a great sheaf of standards captured from the common enemy in the battle of the Marne. Below, in the courtyard, rested the aeroplane of the ill-fated ace, Capt. Guynemer, festooned with wreaths and banked with flowers.

The guard of honor was composed of veterans of the war of 1870, the last struggle between France and Prussia before the opening of the present conflict. The old soldiers aloft the pennants of General Niox, the governor

of the Invalides, of General des Garets, and of General Pau, the French general who, with the possible exception of Marshal Joffre, has been more intimately connected with the American forces in France than any other man.

The three generals, with General Lewis of the A.E.F. as General Pershing's representative; Ambassador Sharp, and the Marquis de Dampierre and the Baron de Contenson, representing the descendants of the members of the French expedition to America, entered the hall of honor while the band of the 230th Territorial Regiment, stationed on the balcony outside, was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Once the distinguished party had taken the stand, the band shifted to the "Marseillaise." The anthem concluded, General Niox welcomed the audience to the Invalides.

Baron de Contenson, in a brief speech, outlined the steps that had been taken toward securing the standards for the American regiments. Not only had the descendants of those who took part in the War of Independence contributed to the project, but the students at the military school at St. Cyr and those at the Ecole Polytechnique, the Alliance Americaine, the Society of Remembrance of Alsace-Lorraine, and the ladies of the French Red Cross had insisted on representation in the fund. The embroidery on the flags had been wrought entirely by the hands of Frenchwomen.

Ambassador Sharp Speaks

The formal presentation of the ten flags was made by the Marquis de Dampierre, who recalled the traditional friendship between the two nations and paid eloquent tribute to the American soldiers who are helping to defeat the frontiers of France. In reply Ambassador Sharp likened the occasion, in its urgency of victory, to the great celebration held in Paris on last Fourth of July. The few thousand Americans then in France had grown, he pointed out, to hundreds of thousands, thereby evoking great applause.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the audience had an opportunity to view the flags, which were massed on either side of the speakers' table. There are five national standards, heavily tasseled and fringed with gold thread, and five regimental standards, four in blue for infantry regiments and one in red for an artillery regiment. The regimental standards bear the seal of the United States, with a scroll inscribed with the organization's name below the eagle.

There will be another ceremony of presentation at the front, when the Ambassador turns over the emblems to the commands destined to receive them.

BOCHE GUNS PROVIDE COLOR FOR HAMLET

E. H. Sothern Describes Performance Within Range of Enemy Artillery

CUE IN AIR RAID WARNING

"Rash and Bloody Deed" Announ- ced Strictly on Time—Tommy's Abandon Show for Tea

"Air raid alarms and excursions. Salvo of seventy-fives off stage. Enter Hamlet, carrying tin helmet, and with gas mask ready for adjustment."

It isn't written that way in the prompt book, but Edward H. Sothern did not depend on the prompt book in his first entertainment tour of American camps in France which has just ended.

Nor, according to Mr. Sothern, are air raid alarms and gas masks chief among the horrors of war for a transplanted American actor. When you have been accustomed to all the panoply of the stage, the support of an able company, and a darkened and decorous house, and then are called upon to appear—when the applause bestowed on a troupe of trained dogs has died out—before a handful of doughboys who are crowded within a smoky reach of the smoke-enriched platform from which you are to speak—well, it gives you a sensation very much akin to stage fright. Your only support is your own audacity to go ahead with the program, and if a third of the audience insists on reading newspapers, and sitting under your nose during most of the performance, you mustn't take it for lack of appreciation.

So Mr. Sothern, knowing that the

MAKE MINE PINK!

They may bull about their leaves to Aix-les-Bains.

They may flash their nice white tickets for Savoy.

They may work the song and dance about other parts of France.

But they rouse in me no feeling kin to joy.

They may prate of climbing mountains for a change.

They may hint of dulcet bathing in the sea.

But the only thing I crave for, in the line of leave-time favor,

Is the little old pink ticket to PARIS!

Oh, Gee!

That little old pink ticket to PARIS!

For it's there the air is rare; every passing face is fair,

And the boulevards with uniforms are gay.

There are theaters and shows—and muscums, goodness knows,

For to keep a man a-trotting 'round all day.

There are galleries of art, there are hats and dresses smart.

There are places famed in history to see—

And they are at the beck of the lucky guy, by heck,

Who cops the old pink ticket to PARIS!

After swallowing in sloughs of endless mud,

After hiking with a pack upon my spine,

All the privilege I ask is in Paris sun to bask.

And, perhaps, to take a little sip of wine.

After walking post from midnight unto dawn,

After being wet and hungry as can be,

After standing sergeants' boundings I want civilized surroundings.

And that little old pink ticket to PARIS!

Ba-BEE!

That little old pink ticket to PARIS!

For 'tis there I'd cease to care 'bout the cooties in my hair.

'Tis there I'd get shampooing and a bath.

'Tis there I'd buy a dinner that would surely be a winner—

And I'd always walk the straight and narrow path!

I'd get presents for my mother, for my sister, girl and brother,

And the Lingerie and Trueries I'd surely see.

I'd do double duty gladly when my leave was up—so badly

Do I want that old pink ticket to PARIS!

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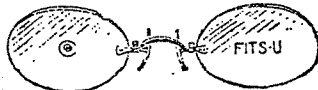
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I LOVED AN AMAZON

The drums rolled long, the trumpets

blared.

As to my General's tent I fared:

Said I, "You've heard that orders blunt

Dispatch us straightway to the front."

The General looked up, somewhat sad,

And said, Oh yes! he thought he had.

He granted leave for which I bid

To say farewell to wife and kid.

I hastened home to find my child

Alone, unfed, provoked and fumed.

My wife I found—my search was long—

The center of a female throng.

That voice, with love once soft and low,

Was shouting, "Right by section—HO!"

A lady by me in the street

Said, "Ain't their uniforms just sweet?"

That khaki's dear as precious stones—

Their tailors charged them 80 bones!"

With that I gazed upon my wife—

Oh, saddest moment of my life!

A campaign hat with brim slouched down

Was crushed upon those tresses brown.

My pride and joy! Her swan-like neck

A hummel shirt conspired to wreck.

A figure, once like that of Venus,

Looked like a sack. (That's just be-

tween us.)

The swish of dainty skirts was now

No more; instead were—khaki trou!

Bring on the war with bang and clatter,

With blood and thunder—that's no

matter.

But let no band, lest anger blind me,

Strike up, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

—1st Lieut. Fairfax D. Downey, F.A.

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AMERICAN HEAVIES BLAST OUT BOCHES

Continued from Page 1

until it is pointing directly toward the

object to be fired upon.

Somewhere back of the front is an

American heavy artillery base. There

are stored and groomed, assembled and

repaired, some of the big guns of the

American Army. Most of them are

mounted on specially made railroad

trucks. After the artillery officers had

made their reconnoiter and staked out

the "epic," a train pulled out from

one night bearing several hundred husky

artillerymen going, enthusiastically, to

their first "job."

Some time later, the train pulled up

to the chosen site and the crew started

to work. They unloaded rail and ties,

laid the sidetracks, and ballasted and

braced them to support the shock strain

of the "heavies" in action, which is in-

definitely greater, for instance, than the

weight of the biggest American loco-

motive.

First "Barrel" Off on Trip

They did not do it all in one night. It was a four night job and, as the German aviators have a habit of bombing stray cars behind the lines when they see them, the train and men were pulled away each morning before daylight and stayed during the day in a cut several miles away.

On the morning of February 13 the work was completed and the guns were brought up and "spotted" on the new tracks. They were "checked up" during the morning and at 2 p.m. as the French began their attack, they began to fire.

As each gun was fired, the 16-wheel truck upon which it was mounted bounded backward several feet and a sheen of smoke covered the gun. As this happened, the artillerymen watched some-thing resembling a barrel soar and eventually disappear, to be followed in a

few seconds by an explosion eight or ten miles away.

Right after the battery opened, the

German strong points began to fly into

the air and dissolve. The French smaller

artillery, pounding away ahead, cleared

the foreground, and when the French

infantry dashed across the German

lines, they met with only disorganized

resistance. The French gained 1200

yards on a 1500-yard front in a coordi-

nated positions while a barrage was

thrown up, with the assistance of the

American pieces, to prevent a counter-

attack.